

VOL. LXXII. No. 1865.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 27th, 1912.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



EXTINCT.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.,
395-399 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1865. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1912.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

CHRISTMAS PUCK.

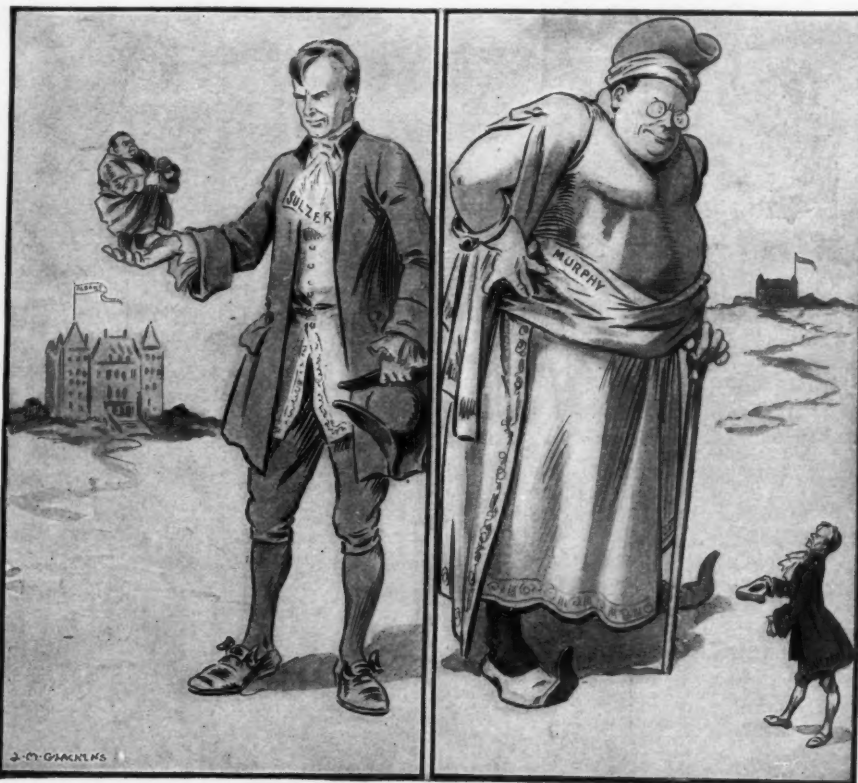
PUCK'S Christmas Number, his annual contribution to the merriment of the season, will be issued next week, on Wednesday, December 4th. It is prepared in the belief that folks like something Christmasy at Christmas. It is as typical of the Yuletide as a wreath of holly or a spray of mistletoe. Yet it is far from being a mere reassembling of old Christmas stage-properties. The holiday spirit is there, but the rest is new. The number will be several times

the size of the regular weekly issue, and it will be especially rich in color features. There are no more politics in CHRISTMAS PUCK than there are in a Christmas stocking; but of seasonable humor, neither too old for the young nor too young for the old, there is plenty. A copy of CHRISTMAS PUCK, placed on your library table December 4th, and kept there, puts you in just the right mood for December 25th. Say to your newsdealer: "CHRISTMAS PUCK."

R. I. P. THE future of the Republican Party G. O. P. is worrying a small quota of people, and providing an infinitely larger number with an interesting topic for conversation. It is safe to say, in this connection, that the Republican Party will not die, and for the very excellent reason that it is already dead. That is, the old Republican Party of high protection and Standpatism is dead, and gone beyond recall. MARK HANNA, for example, would have been very lonely in the recent campaign. The platform on which President TAFT ran for re-election was a good deal more radical a document than anything the Republican Party stood upon in HANNA's day. And HANNA, not LINCOLN, represented the old idea in Republican politics and policies. ALDRICH, formerly "the Boss of the United States," is out of the Senate. He belonged to the old order and saw its finish coming. CANNON is out of the House, which formerly in the interests of Standpatism he ruled with an iron fist. He says he is through, but the people first found it out. Most of the Old Guard are dead, and those who are not dead have surrendered. The name Republican Party will doubtless continue—

for how long nobody need know nor care—but the Republican Party of past power is already in the great beyond, and it started to go there when such men as DOLLIVER, CUMMINS, BEVERIDGE, and LA FOLLETTE arose in mighty revolt in its own ranks, and fought openly without compromise for genuine popular government.

WHICH IS IT TO BE?

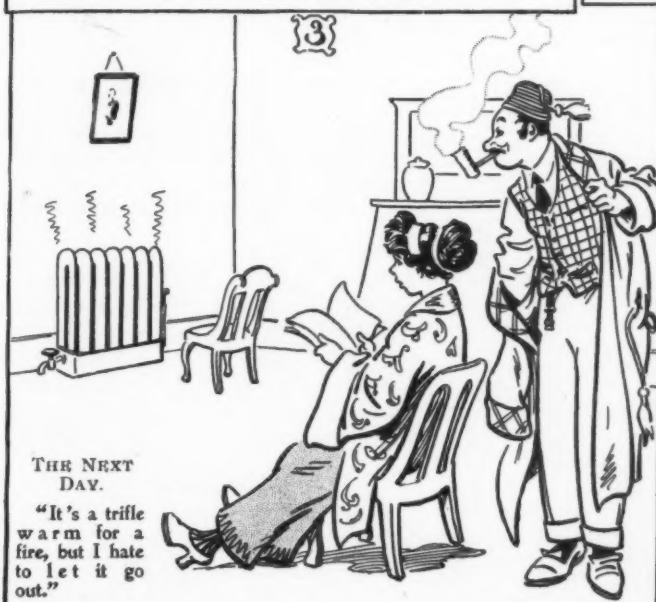


GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT —OR— GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG?

BREATHES there a man with soul so brave that he goes to a dentist without gloom and trepidation? The average mortal, although he knows he "ought to go," puts it off and puts it off, until a violent toothache or other acute disorder overcomes his last excuse and takes him there against his will. Ten to one, after it is all over, the patient emerges smiling and saying to himself: "Why, he did n't hurt me at all. I made a fuss about nothing. If I had known how easy it would be, I'd have had it done long ago." Then he reaches the conclusion—it has been reached thousands of times—that there is often more suffering in anticipation than in reality. The United States has suffered for years with a tariff toothache. It has put off and put off the remedy. Only the aggravated nature of the disorder finally has forced it to the point of action, and the decision of the President-elect to call an extra session in advance of the regular assembling of Congress has been hailed with approval. The tariff toothache will be probed, treated, and cured with as little additional delay as is consistent with good workmanship. In tariff revision, as in dentistry, there is apt to be more suffering in anticipation than in reality.

THE FURNACE AND THE WEATHER.

COLD WHEN IT'S COLD AND HOT WHEN IT'S HOT IS THE RULE IN NOVEMBER.



PUCK

ANTIQUITY.



CHAIR encumbers our dim hall.
Moth-eaten is its faded seat;
Its legs are short, its back is tall;
'T is but a trap for passing feet.
You cannot sit upon the Chair,
Its framework is so very weak;
But Wife insists its place is there
Because it's real antique.

A Table came from our home town.
'T was shaky, scratched, and full of nicks;
One leaf folds up, and one folds down;
It holds a brace of candlesticks.
It wobbles if you go too near;
The knobs are chipped, the drawers all leak;
Yet it has come to stay, I fear,
Because it's real antique.

A Bed has shown up to replace
The stanch couch where I sought repose;
Bold Cupids stare me in the face;
The hanging draperies brush my nose;
And each one of the post quartette
Has a distinctly different squeak;
But Wife is singing pæans yet,
Because it's real antique.

All through our house it's just the same;
I'll grin and bear it, I suppose.
Perhaps, when I get worn and lame,
And dull and careless of my clothes:
Perhaps, I say, they'll prize me then,
And in endearing terms they'll speak,
And praise me to my fellow-men,
Because I'm real antique!

Ella Randall Pearce.

MR. TODD TELLS A STORY.

"THAT reminds me," observed Mr. Todd
reminiscently, "of the story about the
bluejay."

"It's clouding up outside," broke in Mrs.
Todd, gazing absently through the parted cur-
tains of the front window.

"It was when I was a boy," continued Mr.
Todd musingly. "In those days boys wore
knee-breeches and went barefooted—"

"I do hope it doesn't rain!" exclaimed
Priscilla Todd, moving about uneasily. "I
wanted to go to the Park this afternoon."

"My, how we hated to wash our feet at
night!" murmured Mr. Todd, with a fond smile.

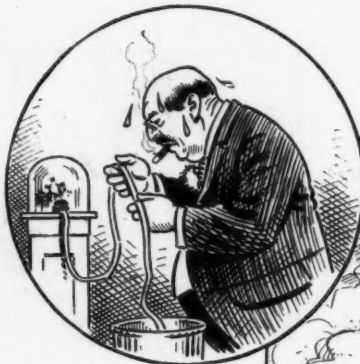
"Dad," inquired Sammy Todd, "what is it
about the bluejay?"

"I'm coming to that, son. You see, there
was an old orchard out back of
the house. My, such orchards
we had in those days!
Apples of all sorts and
sizes—good apples,



JUST ABOUT.

WIFE.—John, I have n't a skirt fit to wear.
HUSBAND.—Well, that's the style, is n't it?



I. HOW FATHER RAISES THE DUST.

too! You never see such
apples any more—"

"What's that got to do
with the bluejay, dad?"
bluntly asked Sammy.

"Don't be impatient, my
boy. In this orchard there
were a number of squirrels, which came over
from a neighboring hickory grove. My, such
squirrels as those were! Big, gray fellows, with
long, bushy tails—"

Mrs. Todd yawned behind her hand, and
Priscilla picked up a copy of *Lucile*.

"We used to hunt squirrels frequently, and
father never would allow me to bring one
home until I had shot it through the head—"

"But the bluejay, dad! What about that?"
"Did I say bluejay, son? What was I
thinking of? It was n't a bluejay at all, but a
crow—a big, black crow."

"It is starting to rain," said Mrs. Todd,
moving again to the window.

"Crows in those days were mischievous
fellows. No such crows nowadays. They used
to come to our orchard in big flocks—"

"Is n't there any bluejay at all in this story,
dad?"

"No, son, it was a crow—"
"Is n't it mean that it has to rain now?"
mourned Priscilla. "Charlie Bangs was coming
over for me, too!"

"In the hickory grove I mentioned," pursued
Mr. Todd, "there were many hickory-nuts. My,
such hickory-nuts as there were in those days!
Bushels and bushels of them, just going to waste!"

"Dad, I don't want to hear this story if there
is n't a bluejay in it. I only wanted to know
about the bluejay!"

"Well, perhaps it was a bluejay, after all;
but it occurred to me it was a crow."

"There, my bread is burning!" wailed Mrs.
Todd, rushing excitedly to the kitchen.

"Now, one day a big gray apple—I mean
squirrel—"

"Oh, it's going to clear up!" cried Priscilla
happily. "There's the telephone ringing. It
must be Charlie!" She bounded quickly away.

"This big, black hickory-nut—crow, I should
say—came over into the hickory grove with its
mouth full of apples— Wait, son, I'm not
stating this correctly—it came over into the
orchard with its beak full of hickory-nuts—"

"A squirrel has n't got a beak, dad!"

"Certainly not—I'm talking about the blue-
jay now!"

"You said it was a crow, dad."

"Well, I changed it, because you wanted it
to be a bluejay!" Mr. Todd got up from his
chair and walked impatiently about.

"DUST THOU ART,
TO DUST RETURNETH."



II. HOW SON DOES LIKEWISE.

"Hurry up, dad, I have n't got much time.
Mother, where are my boots? I want to go
out and wade."

Patiently and slowly Mr. Todd renewed his
narrative.

"This big gray apple came over into the
hickory orchard and found a black bluejay
quarreling with a flock of squir—"

"Here are your boots, Sammy!" called Mrs.
Todd.

"At this the crow—I mean the bluejay—
became angry—"

"Oh, good! Now I can go wading!"

"All right, son," said Mr. Todd amiably, as
Sammy dashed away. "I can finish the story
some other time. I don't know as I can
remember just how it goes, anyway."

Robert C. McElravy.

PRIVILEGED CLASS.

"I SUPPOSE you still take a chance once in a
while?" inquired his friend of other days.

"My boy," replied the millionaire, "there's
no such thing as taking a chance when you're
rich, for if you happen to get caught it merely
means a fine."



PARVO IN MULTUM.

Among the many luxuries of our modern civilization is the occasional
chance to make an honest living.



YE PILGRIM FATHER.

"AND THEY TELL ME THAT TO-MORROW IS THANKSGIVING DAY!"



THE DUEL.

I'LL go her one better or bust!" hissed Mrs. Knott Fermine as Mrs. Soarer rattled by in a swagger English trap.

The two women are rivals. For several years they have jostled with bizarre dinners, *svelte* dresses, headlight jewels, marriage, scandal, and divorce. The threat bears triumphant fruit, for a month later Mrs. Fermine passes her rival's house atop a huge Asiatic elephant. Four Bedouin Arab acrobats are suspended from its tusks. Twenty Nubians astride as many lions, with tinkling fog-bells fastened to their tails, are

immediately in front of the elephant. The cavalcade is headed by a band of Scotch bagpipers, Jiu Jitsu men, and Cossacks. A rose-tinted circus-tank filled with flying-fish brings up the rear. Needless to say everybody stopped to watch.

"The minx! She thinks she has me beat. But I'll show her!" grits Mrs. Soarer as the procession files past her window.

And sure enough she did. The Avenue stands agape as it sees Mrs. Soarer lolling back in the royal state coach of Louis XIV. The coach is drawn by forty-six Arkansaw mules. Attached to the front, sides, and back are miniature airships in charge of four trained French bulldogs wearing goggles. A Congo chief, perched on a bird's-eye-maple piano-player on rollers is hitched behind. Fourteen times that day the pageant passes the abode of Mrs. Fermine.

"Oh, how I'd like to strangle her!" she snarls, burking two rats as she grabs her hair. "But I'll get hunk!"

A short time after Mrs. Fermine appears on the Avenue bundled in a breeches-buoy hung on a silver wire. The breeches-buoy is manned by

twelve Lascars dressed in spangled suits. Mrs. Fermine is slid from one end of the wire to the other by the sailors as they proceed up the Avenue. Following the buoy, mounted on floats, are an Athenian galley, a small mahogany steamship, and a submarine. Obeying instructions, the Lascars halt for thirty minutes under the lookout window of Mrs. Soarer, and play rollicking sea-tunes on piccolos.

Mrs. Soarer did not hear all the tunes. On the first approach of her enemy she flung herself slantwise on her half-morocco couch and sobbed like a turbine. Her pride was side-wiped.

One year has passed since that fateful day, and Mrs. Soarer is again going by her rival's home. Her face is stilled with a deep Brahmanic repose. She is pushing a baby-carriage, and in it is a chubby-faced infant. Mrs. Fermine stares at the strange sight and shrieks like the flag-end of a nightmare.

"Holy Gasolene! She's done me!" The servants carry her from the field. Thus did a little trip back to Nature win where vaulting ambition failed.

John Burke.

CHARLEY THE CHIVALROUS.



CHARLES purchased the last Pullman berth to be had on the midnight train. A few moments later, a flurried young lady entered the station and demanded a berth on the same train.

"All gone," announced the station-agent. "That man over there got the last one."

The lady who was young, also pretty, reconnoitered Charles critically and carefully. She passed and re-passed him several times, and on the last stalk Charles noted that she had dropped something from her hand-bag. It was a bank-book. Always chivalrous, he picked it up and, always curious, he opened it.

Holy smoke! He had opened it at the balance-sheet. Holy smoke, and then some! The figures indicated that she possessed a balance of fifty thousand dollars. Perspiring, he looked at the name on the cover. It was a Miss.

Visions of newspaper headlines began to appear: "Rich young lady marries traveling man who restores her bank-book!" He sprinted toward the object of his monetary and mercenary meditations.

"Pardon me," he began, "but have n't you lost something?" She turned and emitted a little feminine scream. "Oh, my bank-book! Thank you, so much!"

"Don't mention it!" Charley returned generously, bowing killingly. She was very pretty, too, he saw. It would be no sacrifice on his part if she did propose to him.

"I am so upset over not being able to secure a berth on the midnight train that I did not note my loss."

Charley hesitated long before he stepped the next step. The loss of a comfortable night's slumber was a sacrifice indeed; but then, the lady's winning smile, and above all, the fifty thousand—whew!

"Madam," he said grandly, "permit me to offer mine."

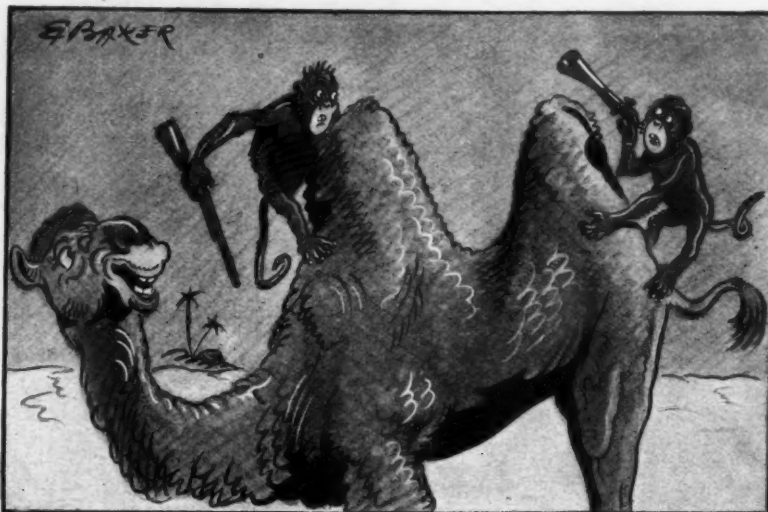
"No, I could n't think of it!" she answered decidedly.

Charley insisted at length, and the lady finally accepted. Before the train drew in they had exchanged cards. As she followed the ebony porter to the berth which Charley had heroically relinquished, she gave him an arch smile over her shoulder that made the fifty-thousand vision seem ever brighter, ever nearer.

While he, hunched on a chair in the washroom, was striving to snore himself to sleep, the young lady was stowing away the bank-book beside another which bore a balance of sixty-five dollars and ten cents.

"It worked nicely, Lizzie," she congratulated herself. Then, as she commenced to drowse, she muttered, presumably to the distant Charley: "Believe me, kiddo, if that fifty thousand beans ever existed I would n't travel in no Pullman berth!"

F. J. Collins.



JUNGLE FEUDISTS LAYING IN WAIT FOR EACH OTHER.



"THAT REMINDS ME!"

ART PATRON.—Oh, that reminds me I've got to go down-town again. I forgot to buy those union suits.



A Senior at Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's

By the Author of
"A Junior at Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's"



I. ROY ROXBOROUGH faced the little group quietly. His cheeks had lost their color, but both eyes glowed with determination.

"No," he said, "I will not."

A sneer crossed the dark, handsome face of Hal Holcombe as he tied the last end of rope to the prostrate boy's legs.

"Very well, Roxborough, then we will leave you here."

Roy Roxborough faced the little group quietly.

"Yes," he said, "you may leave me here. I would rather stay bound up and helpless in the barn than play upon a football team which expects to win by means of a fake kick."

"That is not the reason," sneered Hal Holcombe. "You do not want to play because you are a coward."

With this the football team of Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's, which the next day was to play the Beadlewix School, filed out of the barn.

II.

"6-7-8-9-10-2," came the signal.

It was the last period of the game. Beadlewix had the ball.

"6-7-8-9-10-2," repeated the Beadlewix quarter.

The score was a tie. Though naturally both schools were somewhat ashamed to be playing an American rather than an English game, they played well. But the physical condition of the Beadlewix players was far superior to that of the boys from St. Neb's. Every substitute of the latter school had been pressed into service, for Hal Holcombe alone remained of the original eleven who had run so gaily out upon the field. Hal's football suit was torn off in a scrimmage, and he was wearing nothing but a look of despair on his dark, handsome face.

"Hold them, boys," he said.

"6-7-8-9-10-2," rang out the shrill signal.

Roy Roxborough's absence had been felt, and the "fake" or "false" kick on which so much reliance had been placed had proven a failure.

Where was Roxborough?

"6-7-8-9-10-2," came the signal.

The teams rushed together.

When the Beadlewix team regained its feet it stood alone.

Not a single player from D. O. St. N. was able to stand.

"Owing to the —," began the referee, when a great cheering interrupted him. Something had happened.

III.

The referee began again.

"Owing to the disability of the players from Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's the game is now —"

"Stop!"

It was a manly but quiet voice.

"What do you mean?"

By the referee's side stood a boy with honest blue eyes dressed in a faultlessly-fitting suit of football clothes.

"Stop! The game is not forfeit."

"Who are you?"

"Roy Roxborough."

"The team from Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's is unable to go on, so why is the game not forfeit?"

"Because I myself will play the game out in their place."

IV.

There was a moment's silence. Then the referee put his hand on Roy's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "I have never seen a manlier action on any field. There is only one minute left. Play ball."

"Z-z-z-z!" The Beadlewix quarterback knew Roy Roxborough as the greatest player on the gridiron, so he was trying a last desperate expedient.

He was giving his team-signals by wireless telegraphy.

"Z-z-z-z!" spluttered the pocket-transmitter.

Then the whole force of the Beadlewix team came sweeping down upon Roy Roxborough.

V.

But Roy was waiting for them.

With a strength carefully developed by retiring at nine P.M. each evening and abstaining from the deadly chocolate ice-cream and soda, Roy sprang into the opposing players and seized the signal-book which had fallen from the quarterback's hand. Quickly translating the wireless code he made a hasty leap forward, falling on the ball one-half second before it reached the arms of the waiting halfback.

"St. Nebuchadrezzar's ball," announced the referee.

There was left of the game just twenty-five seconds.

VI.

"Signal," cried Roy Roxborough.

"56,743 and two-eighths," he responded in a clear, ringing voice.

With a quick move he had passed the ball back to himself and was running down the field. The white lines flew beneath his feet.

Now there was only one man left between Roy and the goal.

That man was Jack Dalton, the Beadlewix captain.

There was no dodging him. Only one thing remained to be done.

Summoning all his energies, Roy left the ground in a tremendous leap.

VII.

The grand-stands broke out in hoarse roars. Roy's leap had carried him, not only over Dalton, but over the crossbar between the goals.

Just then the whistle blew announcing that the game was over and that Dear Old St. Neb's had won.

But as the referee reached out to shake the boy by the hand he was surprised to find that Roy was not there.

Gathering all his strength, Roy Roxborough had leaped into the air a second time and, gathering impetus from the strong breeze caused by the cheering, had continued his leap over the bleachers at the end of the field and over the fence.

Where was he going?

The referee turned to the grand-stand with an anxious cry.

"Hold on to the seats for your lives—a cyclone is coming!"

VIII.

Roy had seen the cyclone before anyone else, and he knew it could be averted in only one way. Straining every nerve he bounded across the fields toward the funnel-shaped cloud.

Just ahead of him galloped the ambulance carrying the players from Dear Old St. Nebuchadrezzar's.

Hal Holcombe, his dark, handsome face gray with fear, was hobbling out.

"There is just one thing to do," said Hal, excitedly, "we must endeavor to fool the cyclone with a fake kick."

"No," said Roy, "I will never stoop to anything like that. If I cannot win by honest means, then I prefer to lose."

He bent low on the ground, as with a loud noise the cyclone approached.

IX.

"R-r-r-r-r-r!"

The cyclone in all its concentrated fury was almost on him.

Would the brave lad's effort be in vain?

No. With a quick shove of the shoulder (delivered firmly but not in anger) Roy met the cyclone squarely and, centering his strength in his back, shot it still spinning up into the clouds where a moment later it disappeared.

Hal Holcombe extended his hand.

"Roy," he said in a low voice, "I was mistaken. You are not a coward, and I see now that in refusing to use a fake kick you were moved only by the best motives. I apologize, and in the name of the rest of the team I extend to you a cordial invitation to be our captain next year."

Roy Roxborough's eyes filled with tears.

"No—no, Hal," he said, "I should rather see you captain next year,

for you meant

well, though at

times it may have

seemed otherwise.

As for me, I could

not be your cap-

tain even if I would,

for next year I

shall not be a Sen-

ior at Dear Old St.

Nebuchadrezzar's,

but a 'Freshman

at Dear Old Yawp-

vard.' (*)

(*) See all Booksellers next Christmas.

Horatio Winslow.





THE PUCK PRESS

ON UNCLE SAM

"At last, by Crackey, we got a team that'll pull together, so the s



UNCLE SAM'S FARM.

together, so the sooner we get to plowin' the sooner we'll get through."



THE chances of the Aldrich currency-reform bill in a Democratic House and the chances of the proverbial snowball in a place never mentioned in polite society seem to be, so to speak, an even break.

Not long ago several delegates from the American Bankers' Association were asked to appear before the House Committee. They went down to Washington hopefully and made a very full statement of what they thought should be incorporated in any new currency legislation. At the conclusion of the hearing one of them asked the committee what it thought of the suggestions offered. This was the reply, volunteered by a member from the South:

"These suggestions you bankers have made? Why, I want to tell you that I would just as quickly ask the convicts in Sing Sing to advise us in regard to the criminal code, as I would ask for any help from the bankers of this country in drawing up new currency laws."

This eminent legislator may have merely been trying in a roundabout way to express the idea that all bankers are crooks. But then again he may have meant that when the banking-laws need to be fixed up it would be just as unreasonable to entrust the job to bankers as it would be to call in a clock-maker when the clock needs mending, or to send for a locksmith when the front-door lock gets out of order.

ONE of the mining-stock concerns on lower Broad Street which sells beautifully engraved certificates suitable either for investment or for framing, recently sent out a circular describing one of its alleged mines.

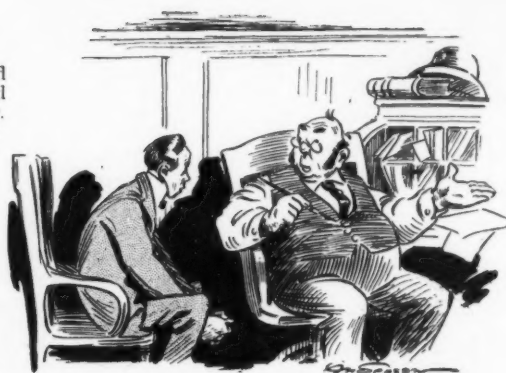
The morning after the circular went out one of the firm's customers, an old one-legged German, who had already been induced to buy a substantial

amount of the stock, stumped into the office and demanded back his money. In one hand he held the new stock-certificate, in the other the circular. These he alternately waved in the face of the blasé customers' man, accustomed by so long experience to this sort of thing that it bored him almost to death.

"I want my money back—I want my money back!" the excited Teuton exclaimed over and over, fluttering the crisp certificate within an inch of the other's nose. "Loog at dis statement—'de company has just spend \$5,000 for a new stamping machine.' Five thousand dollars—for a stamping machine! Himmel!"

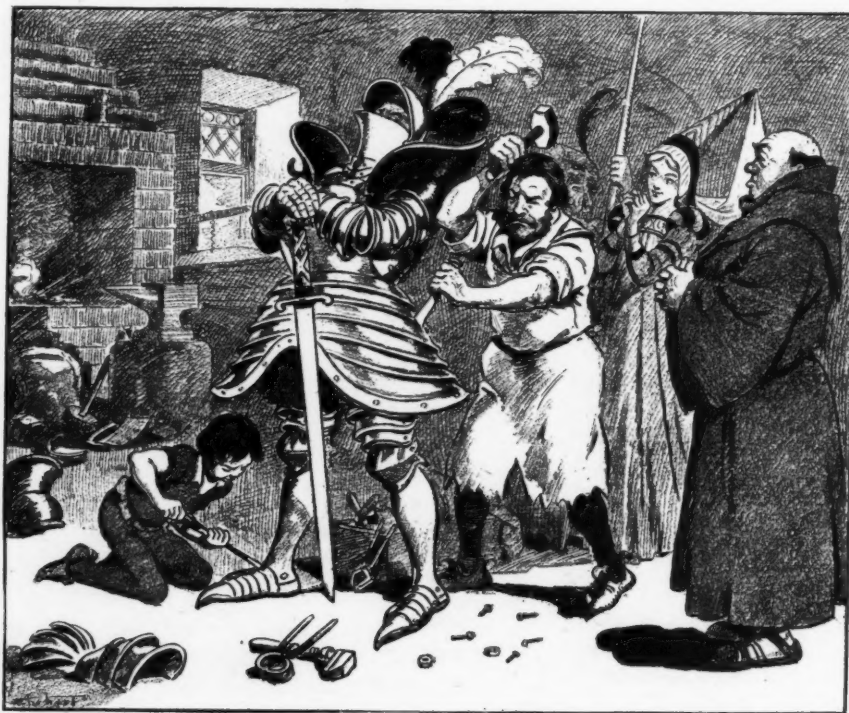
"Sure. Well, what of it? Got any objections?" the self-possessed one inquired, shifting his cigar easily.

"Objections? Sure I got objections!" the old man fairly shouted. "Five t'ousand dollars. Chust what I put in. How do I know id is n't *my* money dose loafers are spending on a machine for puddling on stamps?"



THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

RICH MAN (to clerk).—I started in at the lowest round of the ladder. My first wife got only five dollars a week alimony. Now look at me! Paying three hundred to my last, and I have n't stopped climbing yet!



BUILDING A DREADNOUGHT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE paying-teller in one of the uptown trust companies which has many women depositors has just had this framed and hung up on the wall of his "cage":

NOTICE.—The following old jokes are officially canned:

A STRANGER dropped off the "midnight" at one of the Oranges recently and inquired of the station-agent if there were any strong banks in the town.

The agent replied that there were several. "Which would you say was the strongest?" the stranger persevered.

"The agent looked him over and suspicion came into his eyes. "The strongest?" he replied. "Why, that depends on whether you are figuring on putting in money or taking it out."

Franklin.

FEMINA VICTRIX.

IN the beginning a man's horse was his dearest possession. It would carry him everywhere, and it started from the seat, without cranking.

But presently he ate something which gave him that feeling of fullness—that is to say, he discovered his stomach and opened up a new way to his heart.

Woman was not slow to seize the advantage thus offered, and from that day forward she gained steadily in importance, while the horse has lost ground commensurately.

Hence arose the natural enmity between women and horses. Almost the worst you can say about a horse is that it is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.

The Horse-Show exhibits are the last phase of the unequal contest. Here the horse is degraded to the merest pretext and woman is the whole thing.



HER FAVORITE OCCUPATION.

HOSTESS.—And a mile from here there's the cutest little lake with ice that is just like glass.
SUFFRAGETTE GUEST.—Lead me to it, so I can throw a rock through it!

ROSES.



NCE, walking down a shady street,
Sweet Cecily I chanced to meet.
A knot of crimson roses pressed
Just where the lace crossed on her breast.
A charming hat she wore, a-tilt,
With other roses on it spill.

Red roses, tell me true, I prayed,
Does she love me, this little maid?
Mutely they drooped, nor seemed to hear;
When Cupid whispered in my ear,
And shyly pointed to her cheek,
And there I found a rose could speak!

Pauline Frances Camp.

THE LAW.

AFTER the hypothetical question had been asked for forty-five days and nights the lawyer for the defense sat down.

"You have prejudiced the court against me," whispered the prisoner hoarsely.
"What does that matter?" chuckled the triumphant attorney. "If you'll look you'll see that one juror is dead already, and that they're dashing water over five others!"



THE SAME EXPRESSION.

BUSINESS MAN.—You are married, I suppose?

APPLICANT FOR JOB.—No, sir. I've been sick—that's why I look that way.

OLD MAN HENDERSON ARRANGES THE UNIVERSE.



Y ESSEE, this tariff question 's got to be settled (*Pound butter, George*) now and once for all (*Two pound prunes*). I ain't in favor of any trade war with Germany (*Quarter's wuth green tea*)—less battleships the better, I say (*Two dozen eggs*). Our sailors is as good as any in the world (*Ten-cent plug*), but no use stirring up trouble (*Fifteen cents' wuth bacon*). Woman suffrage is coming, and I dunno as I care (*Two pound English walnuts*). 'Lecion turned out just as I said it would and so did the baseball season, and when it comes to sports (*Pound cheese*) the baseball we play in this country has got the world beat, bar none (*Two ounces mustard-seed*). Show at the op'ry house last night did n't 'mount to nothing; theatres ain't as good as they was twenty-five year ago (*Five-pound bag er sugar*). Reverend Toomer, though, 's givin' as good sermons as I ever set under in my life, though I hear that bunch of galoots up the creek (*Bushel potatoes*) say the world 'll end next July (*Pound that thutty-cent coffee*), but we ain't in danger fur as I see (*Two pound rice*). I guess the sun 'll be shinin' year after next, same as it is this mornin' (*Yes, George, charge it*).

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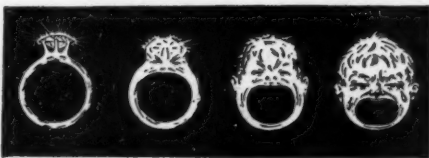
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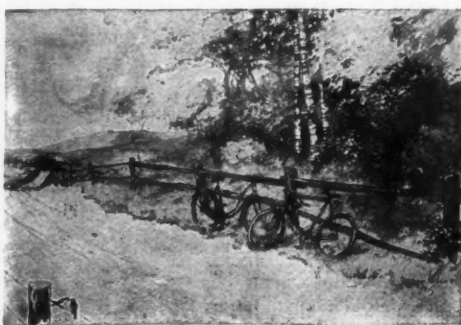
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